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An Hour  
With the Angels.

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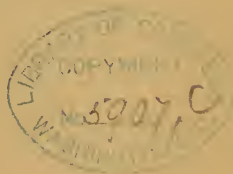
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AN HOUR  
WITH THE ANGELS

OR

A Dream of the Spirit Life.

*Eden*  
BY A. BRIGHAM.



"THEN HE WROTE THE DREAM, AND TOLD THE SUM OF THE MATTERS."

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# APOLOGY.

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THE deep interest manifested in the

“DREAM OF THE SPIRIT LIFE,”

by the numerous friends who have read or heard it read, and the general wish expressed by them that it might be printed, have induced the writer to offer it in this form.

That these few pages may confer good as well as pleasure, is the wish of the author,

A. BRIGHAM.

COLDBROOK SPRINGS, MASS.



FOUR thousand years of angel ministries,  
of visions and dreams,  
and the occasional appearance of the spirits of departed men,  
as recorded in the Bible,  
ought to be sufficient to establish the principle,  
that spirit communion is possible.





DEDICATED

TO

MY NUMEROUS FRIENDS, WHO HAVE OFTEN REMEMBERED  
ME AND MINE WITH MORE SUBSTANTIAL TOKENS  
THAN I HAVE BEEN ABLE TO  
REMEMBER THEM.

THE AUTHOR.



## SUBJECT.

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DREAMING.—A sentimental surprise.—Specific enquiry, Will the cultivation of art and genius in this life, serve to increase our happiness in the next?—A trance.—Visions of Eden, Athens, Jerusalem and Rome, with inquiries on the subject.

Despairing of satisfaction from these mundane sources, new visions are opened.—View of the spirit land.—Permission to enter.—Grateful recognition by a departed friend.—Conversations with the Spirits, interspersed with characteristic and illustrative scenes in the spirit world.



# An Hour with the Angels.

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## A DREAM OF THE SPIRIT-LIFE.

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"To die, to sleep; perchance to dream.  
Ah! there 's the rub."

**I**T may be doubtful to some minds whether in or after death there will be dreaming; but it is certain that while we are in this life, there is no lack of dreaming or of dreamers, whether we wake, or whether we sleep.

But who shall say that a fancy sketch, or even a dream, does not go forth in the mental or spirit sphere, just as much a permanent reality as is the artist's picture, drawn on a piece of canvas?

We surely often cherish our dreams or visions as if they were just as much, or even more real, than are many experiences of our waking hours.

Led by these thoughts I have concluded there might be some propriety, and perhaps

use, in recording the following dream which I have had.

I had been reading a book and came to a chapter, the heading of which at first surprised me. It was this: "Superiority of Art to Nature." And well did the author anticipate my surprise, and with a few well-timed remarks allayed it. I had been accustomed to think, and still do think that, viewed from a certain standpoint, Nature does infinitely exceed all the powers of finite Art. But, viewed from another standpoint, it may be conceded that Art can improve Nature in some of its forms and adaptations to life's uses and pleasures.

I read and considered the arguments of the writer one after another, until I became much converted to his views. I could comprehend somewhat, the benign influence of Art upon the well-being and happiness of mortals here, but my heart desired to know if its devotees would receive any advantage from it, above others, in the great future. This the author did not tell me. So I sat musing and thoughtful, until I fell into a sort of dream or trance, and the following visions, illustrating the subject of my inquiry, passed before me.

I stood in the garden of Eden, and there I saw Adam and Eve standing in the midst; and I heard him say to his companion, "This garden is given to us for our abode, and we

are commanded to dress and keep it. And, though all is beautiful and fair in nature, fresh from the Maker's hand, yet we, as a part of Nature, have with her a part to bear, a work to do; and,

'To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east  
With first approach of light, we must be ris'n  
And at our pleasant labor; to reform  
Yon flow'ry arbor, yonder alleys green,  
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,  
That mock our scanty labors and require  
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth.'

Father, said I, interrupting him; father of our race, dost thou not utter heresy? Dost thou presume to reform and improve the work fresh from the Creator's hand, and by the voice of infinite wisdom declared to be very good?

"Son," said he, "such queries bespeak a novice. Thou hast yet to learn, by slow degrees, what intuition gives to us outright. Each form, to us, doth symbolize its mission. These bodies are armed for labor and use. The mind within has inspirations to guide our hands, and the world around is the field of our activity. God works by means. From chaos He wrought this earth, by virtue of those laws or affinities by which matter forever embraces matter, and by successive agencies moulded it to a consistency for the production of plants and trees; and thence, by beasts and birds and reptiles of numerous sorts created,

its surface was trodden and its elements refined till it was fitted for the reception of finer natures—for beings of a higher order. And the world was not finished till God had placed at its head agents in his own likeness who should work with and for Him, and whose work should never cease, until by the application of their skill they should develop the uses, beauties and glories of creation in their highest perfections. Such must be the goal of human art.”

Sire, I replied, thou hast taught me wisdom. I now perceive how man himself is a part of nature. “All are but parts of one stupendous whole, whose body nature is and God the soul.” All things are called good, because they are adapted to the progressive uses out of which is to be evolved the general perfection. Art, itself, is but one of the higher agencies; a combination of some of the finer and subtler elements, by the use of which, coarser forms are destined to be improved and beautified.

As I spake, Eden and its proprietors vanished from my sight and I stood in Athens, in ancient Greece. And seeing before me one of her philosophers, I said, Sir, I am a stranger here, but I have heard the report of this people, that they have great regard for the arts and sciences. Canst thou now show me whether Art is superior to Nature?



“Stranger,” said he, “thy question is a worthy one, and freely will I answer it. Lift thine eye and behold yon mountain; see its barren, jagged surface, its coarse uncomely rocks in wild and useless and rough confusion piled. Now change thy view and mark this stone-built edifice; observe its massive walls, upright and square, all in harmonious proportions; its lofty pillars, exquisitely polished and carved with figures beautiful. From that same rugged mount has the hand of Art wrought this, and thus, in use and beauty, triumphed over Nature.”

And then I asked, can all this skill in moulding vulgar matter into comely forms avail us aught in the spirit world to make us happy there?

The sage replied, “Our knowledge of that future is yet but dim and dreamy. But it is our faith that what God has given us to make us happy, He delights in, and what He delights in concerning us, He will make as lasting as ourselves.”

And that’s immortal, I replied. I raised my eyes, and lo! Athens had fled, and I stood on Mount Zion, and Solomon’s Temple was before me. I was dazzled with the beauty and grandeur of the mighty structure. I contemplated with amazement, the skill of its architects; I marked the change that art had wrought in

those cedars of Lebanon; the gold displayed in its ornaments, and the rich fabrics woven from the animal kingdom. My mind, by this time, had become much convinced of the superiority of art to nature, nor would I again have asked a question; but still I desired to know whether art which, in its broadest sense implies a true refinement of taste and sensibility, will afford us any help towards furthering our enjoyments in the endless future. And, as I saw a scribe standing in the temple, I approached him and said, Master, I perceive that God has given to this people much wisdom and much skill; and I read that He has revealed to them excellent knowledge and made them a distinguished people. Canst thou now tell me whether in the world to come, these arts, this world-wise skill, these earth-born refinements of mind or matter will avail anything to make us happier there?

And the scribe answered me that, "the Law and the Prophets promised blessings for this world, assuring us that the fires should never go out from our altars, nor David lack a man to sit upon his throne, forever. So your world to come may be but the fantastic kingdom of some idle dreamer."

And as I was about to ask him if he did not belong to the sect called Sadducees, behold! Jerusalem had passed from my vision and I

stood in St. Peter's Church, at Rome, and, instead of a Jewish Scribe, there stood before me a Roman Bishop. I addressed myself to him with a low bow; but, bethinking myself that in the presence of high dignitaries in the church of Rome, great deference and humility were required of ordinary men, I fell on my knees and bowed my face near to the floor, and said, Reverend Father, thy servant is a pilgrim here in search of truth. I see in this magnificent structure and all its adornings the triumphs of art over nature, and my heart desires to learn the future destiny of human skill to refine and beautify what is in and around us. Thou, who art a teacher after the order of St. Peter, who had the keys of the kingdom, sure canst tell, whether in the spirit world the devotees of art and genius will have any advantage, in point of happiness, over those less gifted and of coarser mould?

"Stranger," said the bishop, "the doctrines of our church make no such distinctions. The child of faith is the child of heaven, and the child of heaven is the child of bliss. Further than this our church cannot go."

Then I looked about, almost in despair, when lo! a river lay before me; and on its banks stood an old man with a long, white beard, a staff in his hand and a mantle on his arm. On lifting my eyes, I saw across the river

a most beautiful country. It lay dazzling and bright as if lighted by a hundred suns. And I said, Thou man of God (for I took him to be the translated prophet), what is that beautiful land I see yonder? And he said to me, "It is the spirit world." Then this stream is the Jordan, said I. Why may I not pass over? "If thou hast faith, thou mayest," he said. I replied, I believe; Lord help thou mine unbelief. Then the old man took his mantle and cast it into the stream; and it unfolded, and enlarged, and stretched itself out till it spanned the river and lay before my eyes like a floating bridge. So I stepped down upon it, and it felt firm to my feet like a pavement of stone. And the old man kindly said to me, "Pass over; and when thou steppest on yonder shore, one will meet thee who has known thee and will be thy companion and guide, while thou shalt sojourn there, and show thee all the delights of that land."

Then I passed over; and, behold! one of the daughters of the place did meet me, and welcomed me with the sweetest smiles and the freest salutations of friendship. At this I marvelled much; for in her form and countenance, which exceeded in beauty and loveliness anything I had ever seen, I could not recognize the lineaments of any one I had ever known. When she saw my confusion, she said, "In this

sphere we drop, in part, the accidental forms of our earth-life and put on one corresponding more to our affections; or, in other words, to our moral and spiritual characters." Corresponding to the affections, thought I; and I whispered the name of one who had left the earth in her young life, whom I had thought all goodness. In a rapture of joy she threw herself on my bosom and I returned the salutation with all the ardor of a new born affection.

A long converse ensued, in which she explained to me much of the philosophy of spirit life and spirit enjoyment; the relation which this life sustains to the future; the spiritual uses of earth-life culture; the creative power of the affections or the soul's love; how every soul is absorbed in the things that are dearest to it; how heavenly societies are formed and bound together by the force of congeniality alone; and many other things she made known to me, to prepare my mind to understand and appreciate the scenes I was about to witness.

Then, said I, Swedenborg was right when he affirmed that the spirit world was like ours, only in an advanced state.

"He surely was," said she. "The conditions of our primary life must resemble those of the next, else our schooling there would be no

preparation for the business or the duties of another sphere. The same moral relations and duties pertain to both spheres. The difference is chiefly that the spirit world is a great improvement and advance upon the earth world in beauties and uses. Hence we are able to derive a higher order of happiness, because of the higher order of our surroundings. And this is realized only by means of the culture of the soul's capacity; or, if I may so speak, through the medium of the soul's artistic force."

Artistic force, said I. And do art, genius, taste, refinement, occupy conspicuous stations here, as in the earth-life?

"Most certainly they do," she replied with emphasis. "They are the delight, the glory and crown of the whole spirit realms, even as they are the pride and honor of life in the earth sphere. The primal life is not the type alone, it is the very germ of this. As the plants of the nursery are transplanted in the field, so all the immortal germs of the earth-life are transplanted here. Therefore what is goodness there, is goodness here; what is low and groveling there, is groveling here, and peoples far off, darker realms, called Hades."

Is that a place of vindictive torment? then I asked.

"No," she said; love knows no torment. Such words are illy chosen. Souls in darkness

love the darkness more than light; hence, are as blest as the quality of their own love can make them. Heaven knows no revenge. Were they forced to dwell in the light of higher loves, then might they be in torment. Brighter spheres would be above their slow capacities—hence uncongenial. With its primal life, its earth experience for its germ, each soul, according to its own artistic force and culture, creates or develops its own surroundings. Therefore you will see in your sojourn here, all descriptions of conditions and grades of quality, corresponding to all the degrees and qualities of love, taste and skill unfolded in the earth-life.”

Are these creations of love, permanent, I asked, or are they changeable, like the spirits’ thoughts?

“Changeable,” she answered: “change is one law of progress. Earth scenes change; why not spirit scenes? Trees put forth buds, blossoms, fruit, in beautiful succession; and these, in turn, give place to other phenomena. So in the spirit life, the thoughts or emotions of love, in a sort of harmony succeeding each other, go out from the soul, bodily, as it were, and form themselves into a series of surroundings constituting that soul’s outward world. It is as if our thoughts all came out daguerreotypes and arranged themselves about us in

obedience to our will or our desire. It is thus the soul makes its own heaven or hell. It is thus the kingdom of heaven is said to be within us. It is thus we work out our salvation. Truth, love and goodness are the only perfect spiritual architects. Art, genius, taste, are their truest artisans. Whoever has these qualities, will here have a body, also, more or less corresponding to them in likeness."

She then drew a mirror from her bosom and held it before me.

I see a likeness, I said, but I cannot tell whether it be of myself or of some other man.

"Very few, fresh from the earth life, know their own hearts," she said. "But in this sphere, where the affections and thoughts go out and stand before us in visible forms as it were, we soon learn to know even as we are known."

How mysterious! I exclaimed; and yet how beautiful. My heart yearns to see the love creations of this beautiful land.

"I will be your companion and guide," she said, "for, for this purpose was I summoned."

We then turned to the right and stood, as it were, in a vast plain; and looking around, I saw extensive fields of grains, vegetables, fruits and flowers, wondrously beautiful; and streets of houses that were like palaces to look upon. Some looked like gold, some like stained glass,



some like marble and some more beautiful, for which I knew no comparison. And I remembered the mystic words, "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you."

I asked my guide what these things meant.

She said, "These are the abodes of some amateur farmers; such as have cultivated their talents and who, in addition to their profession, paid some attention to the fine arts."

Does this domain remain permanently as we now see it? No sooner had I asked, than a curtain, apparently, shut down a few yards before us, hiding the whole scene: then it swept gently away, and lo! there lay before us a broad, undulating country, with the loveliest slopes and hills, valleys and rivers that fancy could conceive; while away to the right was a lake having many islands richly covered with flowers. Beyond the lake was a range of mountains, all in full view; and I could see broad terraces cut upon their slopes, and cottages of elegant construction built thereon, with gardens blooming around them. On the intervening spaces were sheep grazing, and children wreathed in flowers, tending them. Higher up the mountains I could see goats feeding, and I knew this must be the dwelling of shepherds.

Here I was permitted to see a phase of social life in heaven. The people, or spirits of one

of the mountains met together, of all ages and sexes, in a small grove on the side of the mountain, for social exercise and enjoyment; the chief entertainment being, on this occasion, the singing of pastoral songs. We could distinctly hear the sweet tones as they came floating across the lake, which thrilled my soul with very pleasure; while an echo of the same soft music, equally enchanting, now came from our left, which caused us to look in that direction; when, behold! there was the appearance of a vail or screen, and on that screen a panorama of their song—like a series of tableaux; pictures of every sentiment succeeding one another in the same measure of time in which they were uttered.

“This,” my guide informed me, “is what is sometimes called the social key, as it is a good index to the characteristics of the circles engaged in them. Similar exercises are favorites in all spirit circles.”

What mean these groups of spirits that we see departing in almost every direction? I inquired.

“They are those from other circles, who have been the guests of the shepherds on this occasion,” she said.

Is it common, in this land, for different circles to associate freely or often with each other? I asked.

"Yes, freely; almost constantly," she said. "A little thought of human nature, or angel nature, will assure us that such association is the truest source of mutual improvement and mutual enjoyment."

You make me think, I said, that this place must be pre-eminently social.

"Truly," she replied, "it *must* be so. Heaven is not solitude, but society. Are not men and angels built of social elements? And does not being left alone seem like being lost?" Here, laying her hand upon her heart, and looking up to me as she had done in her earth-life, she continued: "Yes, young as I was when I left the world, I had learned that human bliss had its natural foundation in the social affections; and nature, be it human or angel, cannot be robbed of her attributes. Her promptings reveal to us, long before we grow old, that

'Man has no Eden, below or above,  
Till the heart is united with something to love.' "

At this moment, two beautiful spirits passed by us in haste, as if on some special message. I asked my guide what these meant.

She beckoned with her hand as if to some one at a distance. Immediately a bright spirit approached, having a countenance full of intelligence and benignity, and greeted us in the most friendly manner. Then said my companion,

"Can you tell us, brother, on what errand those sisters are speeding, to-day?"

"Yes," he said, "they have a sister ill, in the flesh, and they are sent to watch by her bedside, to-night."

Do the spirits, then I asked, really visit or revisit earth and minister to their friends in the flesh?

"Yes," answered the brother. "Do not the Scriptures teach us that all the angels are ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation? Did not the angels have charge over Christ, in the earth-life? And were not Moses and Elias seen talking with him? Man's spiritual vision is necessarily dim. His mind, clogged by the grossness of the material body, is full of misapprehensions of the Word. Therefore, progress in the knowledge of spiritual things, is slow. Carnal appetites lead astray. Animal passions blunt the faculties, and 'dull minds sleep behind dull senses.' Here, it is our privilege to unlearn earthly errors in higher schools of truth. I perceive, my brother, that you are but a guest; and when this loved one shall have shown you the mysteries of this sphere, bear with you our good wishes and prayers for the loved ones of earth, that they may be prepared to enjoy and adorn the societies of those who are sanctified by the

truth." With these words he gave us a parting salutation and passed on.

We now made a circuit westward, and took a stand on a small eminence which commanded a wide prospect. Near by was a society of horticulturists. All around were spread out the most splendid gardens, and fields of flowers, which vied with the very sun in brilliance. Green bowers, cool arbors, rich shade trees, summer-houses, gravel walks, vine-arched alleys, all lay before us in the most inviting loveliness. Beautiful birds hovered about the flowers, with burnished plumage of every hue, and from all directions floated up sweet strains of the most charming melody.

Away beyond, at a great distance, I could discern something of a humbler sphere than what I had been witnessing. It had the appearance of a somewhat earth-like village, and that almost in a state of dilapidation.

I expressed my surprise to my gentle guide, at the contrast.

"That," said she, "is a society of slow, indolent natures, of which earth-life furnishes full many a germ. They spend their pilgrimage on the earth in the mistaken belief that indolence, or inactivity is the secret of bliss. Hence beauty fades without renewal all around them, and the love of excellence droops and dwindles away in their hearts. So, when they

come to their spirit home, their dormant minds and feeble aspirations, cannot, at first, be sufficiently aroused to appreciate, or aim at anything higher than this humble copy of the inferior condition they have left."

And what, I asked, is to be the future destiny of these sluggish spirits?

"Eternity," she said, and eternal love, will work in them eternal progress. But that progress, like their natures, will be slow; and though their cup of pleasure may always be full, yet it will always be small."

Away to the left of these, I then discovered what appeared like a livery stable, and near by it a race-course. I asked what this meant. She said, "It is a society of those who love fast horses; who, in the earth-life, would be called jockeys." Are they a society of much repute among other circles of the spirit realms? I asked. "Not much," she said. "They have a love peculiar to themselves, and a dialect peculiar, and not much sympathy or correspondence with those of other tastes."

At this moment my thoughts began to be disturbed with a sense that this scene was too mundane. My guide, immediately apprehending the state of my mind, reassured me by remarking, that in St. John's Sabbath-day visions, he had views of horses, as well as many other things which bore earthly names.

And the servant of Elisha, whose spiritual eyes were opened that he might see the heavenly guard that encompassed them, described the mountain as being full of horses, as well as chariots of fire.

Dismissing this thought then, I lifted my eyes and gazed away into the far south; and there I caught a most miserable sight—a deep display of wretchedness. And what, said I, is all that?

“That,” she replied, “is the depot of earth’s filth; the abode of spirits profane, vulgar, unclean.” And she turned away her face with a look of mingled pity and disgust. I looked again, and saw that between them and where we stood was a great gulf.

Then I asked her, Is that wretched doom eternal?

She said, “Eternal love will do for them all that can be done. They have nought to fear or blame but themselves. But ages may pass away before their eyes will be open to see true beauty, or their hearts be prepared to feel the joys of true love.”

With sad emotions I contemplated this scene, until a company of bright spirits approached us from the east. My companion greeted them, saying, “Hail, ye blessed ones—brothers and sisters! So ye bear the light of the Gospel again, to-day, to those benighted

and erring ones." "Yes; that is our mission of love and mercy, to-day," said one of the spirits. At this I marveled, since I had been taught that there was no love, nor mercy, nor hope for the unfortunate, beyond the earth-life.

The spirits all smiled upon me as if they read my thoughts. Then one of them said to me, "There is no place where God is not; and there is no sinner where His mercy is not. Eternal love provides the ministries of eternal truth for all, forever. Therefore Heaven has more missionaries than earth has yet dreamed of."

Then the Gospel is preached here also, even as on the earth? I said.

"Verily;" replied the spirit. "Have you not read that Christ, after he had preached to the living, went and preached to them that are dead also, that they might be judged by the same standard as men in the flesh? It is here understood that the Gospel is the promulgation of Divine principles; and Divine principles are eternal—Eternal truths. Wherefore it is called the everlasting Gospel, and must be taught and obeyed through all the spheres, from Gethsemane to the throne of God."

Then I said, may I ask how or why it is, that, since the Gospel has been preached on the earth to every creature, so many seem to have



miscarried and find themselves in so low and undeveloped a condition in this sphere?

Another spirit then spoke and answered me. "It is," he said, "because men have so misunderstood and misapplied that Gospel. Some have preached their own creeds and dogmas instead of the word of God. Some, contrary to the living Word, have eternized the wrath of God, instead of his mercy. Others have taught schemes of substitution, or evasions of duty, instead of honest, moral obedience. Such teachings have often been so revolting to reason, often so offensive to man's best moral instincts, that the only alternative has been to discard reason, or discard the proffered religion.

"Many teachers, in their self-confidence, have torn away the clearest landmarks of God's truth, and denied the eternity of His most merciful attributes. They regard not the immutability of his justice or of his love and mercy. They ignore the great principle that no event can take place without an adequate cause. They acknowledge not that heaven and happiness, like any other good, must be earned by faithful endeavor. Often have they made the word of God of none effect, by their traditions—which imply that the treasures of the soul may be drawn like a prize in a lottery—or that the full glories of the spirit world may be bought with a cup of perishable matter.

“Man, in his primal sphere, has all the weakness and imperfection of childhood; and his mind imbibes many errors; so that many of the lessons of his earth-life, must afterward be unlearned. Men are often blinded and lost in moral darkness. But when the true light shall shine on their pathway, then will they hasten their steps heavenward. The main pillars of faith that will inspire us to work for our salvation, are that God has made us for endless progress, and has promised that our labor shall never be in vain. As we sow, in all spheres of existence, so shall we also reap.”

He paused; and then I asked: Will men on earth ever be able to rise above their present short sighted views of spiritual life?

He said, “For thousands of years the human race believed they lived on a flat and motionless world, while sun and moon and stars daily revolved around it. Now they inhabit a whirling globe, which compasses its axis once a day, and once a year makes circuit around the sun. So also, though slow the process, the time will come when better views will bless the earth, and men be better taught the purposes and destinies of human life.”

A beautiful sister of the company then came forward and said to me, “Brother, please bear the love of the spirits to your fellow mortals, and tell them what you see and hear. And if

ever they would have ‘mansions in the skies,’ assure them that they can be built only by works of faithful love.” Smiling, she bowed, and the group passed on.

“Now let us turn eastward,” said my companion, “where always dwells the glory of the morning, the harbinger of perfect day.” So we moved onward and took a stand on the top of a mountain which commanded a view of all the eastern realms. For a long time I stood speechless and motionless, enraptured with the indescribable beauty and grandeur of the scene. At length my guide broke the silence and said, “All that is beautiful in Art; all that is elevating in Science; all that is true and good in Morals; all that is holy in Religion, dwells here. Here earth’s divinest symbols are realized. Every form is beauty, every sound is melody, and every sense is feasted with delights.”

I looked again, and the whole scene had put on a still sublimer glory. Villages lay scattered before us, divinely tasteful and picturesque in their location and architecture. Gorgeous temples here and there, for worship or for social gatherings, stood conspicuous, and all the intervening scenery told the soul that *that was heaven*.

At the foot of the mountain on which we stood, lay a valley, and it was called the valley

of wisdom. There we saw a great company of artists go forth to give a mutual exhibition of their various accomplishments. In the group were musicians, sculptors, painters, poets, and teachers. And with them were gathered a great multitude of spirits from all the bright realms to witness the scene; for these entertainments are a great delight to all of pure and cultivated tastes.

We then saw, as it were, a cloud or curtain let down before the company, for a screen or background, like what we had before seen in the shepherd realms. Then the musicians, who had harps and other instruments in their hands, went forth to play, and with them stood others to sing. And when they touched their harps there came to our ears strains rich and sweet, as if all earth's music had been culled and distilled to make each note of that divine melody. And when the full choir joined in the song, it seemed as if my whole form melted and dissolved, and floated away on the soft winged harmony. And the sentiment of that song went forth and embodied itself on that screen, in the likeness of a multitude of redeemed and purified souls.

After this, a sculptor stepped forth; and immediately there stood on the screen groups of statuary, such as spirit language only could describe.

Next came a painter, filling all souls with admiration at his wonderful delineations. These were retained on the screen at the will of the actors or the pleasure of the beholders.

Then came the poet, greatest of artists, who paints not isolated objects in arbitrary colors, only, but all things and principles in forms that instruct and colors that inspire. He commenced repeating a new poem. The first sentiment pictured itself on the centre of the screen, as a nucleus or germ for further extension. And, as he proceeded, it shot forth new features, one after another, somewhat in the likeness of a pyrotechnic display, or the flashing of the aurora borealis. And when the author would take up some new forms of the subject, then, quick as thought, the whole picture would fall into an entirely new distribution, corresponding to the changed mode or matter of illustration; much as the views in a kaleidoscope change by revolving it. It was indeed beautiful and impressive beyond description. The scene is still in my eye and my heart, but I have no words to convey it to others.

And now came the teacher, who had been a priest in the (supposed) typical, that is the Jewish church, under the Law, called by Paul our schoolmaster to bring us to Christ. I asked my companion if the Jewish sacrifices were

represented in heaven. She said, "Those sacrifices were merely symbolic of spiritual processes or changes. Animals could be slain, as emblems of the animal passions of man, which must be slain or subdued in the work of regeneration. The pangs of self-denial have often been compared to the giving up of life. But the spiritual nature of repentance is here literally understood and practically represented, as you may soon see for yourself."

The priest uttered a few words, and there appeared on the screen the likeness of a poor one kneeling, having a sad countenance, clothed with rags and stained with filth. And before him was the motto, "Wash you—make you clean, and put on your beautiful garments." Then a messenger came to the poor one and said, "Son, in thy Father's house is bread enough and to spare; why perish ye with hunger?" And the poor one was made to say, "I have sinned, and am not worthy to be called a son. Yet now will I put off my sin. I will arise and go to my Father." Then the poor one rose up, and behold! when he stood, his face glowed with smiles, and his garments were bright and shining. And the curtain was taken up out of sight.

This scene is always hailed with great favor and acclamation by all good spirits. And the whole multitude joined in that favorite

doxology of the brighter spheres, "Glory be to Him who sitteth on the throne and to the Lamb forever."

Then said I to my gentle guide, it is enough : my soul is satisfied. I have seen for myself the demonstrations of immortal life. I have seen for myself the triumphs of art and genius ; the signal rewards of virtue, the uses of a true cultivation and the happy fruits of that faith which works by love and purifies the heart. "It is well," she said ; "it may be well, also, that you have seen the reverse. Now return to your sphere and wait and work till you are called to stand in your lot in the spirit land. Bear with you the prayers of all good spirits for the young immortal souls that are developing in the earth-sphere around you ; that they be true to themselves ; not weaving around them the dark clouds of perverted nature, of groveling habits and debasing passions, but that they put on innocence, truth, virtue, love, like a garment, and walk always in the steps of the righteous."

She raised her hands to my face, gave and received a parting salutation, then with a smile that told the blessedness of a loving spirit, she turned away, and — all was gone.





## THOSE VISIONS.

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When all those visions bright had fled,  
And angel voices ceas'd to speak,  
In thankfulness I bow'd my head,  
And grateful tears bedew'd my cheek ;

So pure, so beautiful and blest  
Did all the brighter spirits seem ;  
So peaceful was their heav'nly rest,  
As shown me in that blissful dream ;

I long'd to feel a hope, that we,  
Who still are pilgrims on the earth,  
Might join the angel family  
When we take on the spirit birth.

But mem'ry told her faithful tale  
Of deeds unworthy, thoughts impure ;  
Of wand'rings oft in sin's dark vale,  
And faults that scarce admit a cure.

And then beneath the stars of night  
I knelt, and rais'd my voice in pray'r ;  
That with the seraph circles bright,  
I might, henceforth, communion share.

The angels heard me ; and, since then,  
Have been my guests at morn or ev'n ;  
And oft bestow'd their counsels, when  
My heart has ask'd the way to heav'n.

And hence, their counsels I must keep,  
And from all things impure abstain ;  
For views of heav'n so clear, so deep,  
Must not have dawn'd on me in vain.

## JUST OVER THE RIVER.



Just over the river,  
Just over the river,  
In Eden-like beauty  
Blooming forever ;  
Gleameth a landscape,  
Surpassing ideal,  
To Faith's beaming eye  
All substantial and real.

Where the rays of the sunlight  
Shine warmer and brighter,  
Where the blossoms are fairer,  
And the zephyrs breathe lighter  
Than are wont in the spheres  
Of our earth-life to greet us,  
Though the seasons should summon  
All their glories to meet us.

When the trials of life  
Shall too harshly assail us,  
From over the river  
Sweet voices shall hail us ;  
And the breezes that dally  
With the landscapes there,  
Shall lend their soft wings  
Some sweet message to bear,

To lighten our hearts  
Of each burden and sorrow ;  
To give us new strength  
And new hope for to-morrow ;  
And bid us be faithful,  
And patient, and wait  
Till the angels ope for us  
The elysian gate.

For over that river,  
From that land so fair,  
Shall messengers come  
To convoy us there ;  
And the swift wing'd barges  
That waft us along,  
Shall vocal be made  
With music and song.

For the angels rejoice  
In those blissful re-unions,  
Where lov'd ones are gather'd  
In lasting communions,  
In the bright summer lands  
Of elysium, forever :  
Just over the river !  
Just over the river !

## FAITH AND HOPE.



In ease or pain, in life or death,  
We 'll ne'er distrust God's mercy more :  
His love confers our life and breath,  
And angels guard us evermore.

'T is life to live — 't is life to die ;  
And death no ties of love can blight.  
The dying pangs, the parting sigh,  
Weave pinions for celestial flight.

While sad we lay the caskets by,  
Which here th' immortal souls enshrine,  
We trace the spirits' flight on high,  
To angel homes, in realms divine.

O Faith, sublime ! O Hope, how sweet !  
Which triumph o'er each mortal pain,  
That hence in brighter worlds we 'll meet,  
To live, and know, and love again.



## HOUSEHOLD ANGELS.



Voices that speak in tones of love,  
And tongues that bear in tenderness  
Sweet messages from spheres above,  
And words that never fail to bless.

Faces that wear a hopeful smile,  
And hearts that love's rich treasures bear ;  
And tuneful tongues whose notes beguile  
Each hour of pain, each hour of care.

Hands that can ope the Eden gate  
Whence faithful souls may gaze their fill ;  
And leave no longer desolate,  
A heart to doubt God's favor still.

Foresight to light up future scenes,  
And fill the mind with visions bright ;  
To pierce the veil that intervenes  
And catch the gleams of heav'n's true light.

Visions that bring the angels nigh ;  
Those ministers whom heav'n employs,  
To give to mortals, ere they die,  
Sweet foretastes of immortal joys.













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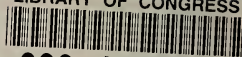








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